

## The Daily Tribune.

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Monday, May 30, 1904.

Probably the most enterprising hoodlums are now busy with their plans for the vacation time.

Contrary to the rules of war, the Japanese keep right on driving the Russians from impregnable positions.

Will the young folks who dance today realize that they are doing it because brave soldiers fought and died?

Some peddlers would like to know how they are going to make an honest living if they cannot use short measures.

There are times, however, when the City Physician reports promptly, and we could prove it if the bulldog were alive.

Is Prof. Tanner to stay away until next winter, forgetting the duty he owes to those who like to see a fine figure on the streets of Salt Lake?

Councilman Fernstrom desires the ladies to remember that he did all he could to make it possible for them to get a glass of beer in the evening.

Soldiers need not be so apprehensive that their new caps will cause them to be mistaken for Salvation Army men, as there are enough points of difference.

Senator Rawlins is in favor of sending an unopposed delegation to the St. Louis convention, but if instruction is wanted he will be pleased to furnish it.

By aiding in the proper observance of Memorial day to the extent of looking at the parade, many will feel that they have earned the right to spend the remainder of the day gaily.

Hon. Quill Nebeker says he will accept the Democratic nomination for Governor if it is offered to him. But will he promise not to go around and fix things so it will not be offered?

Canada is eagerly discussing the claim that she ought, for her own commercial interests, to have the power to make her own trade treaties. But if she is to have the treaty-making power at all, independent of Great Britain, how could she remain a subject province? Independent nations treat only with independent nations; and what Canada really asks when she asks the independent treaty-making power, is severance from British control. And many hold that this would be but the half-way station toward annexation to the United States. That is inevitable, anyway, for Canada belongs with us, and must eventually "line."

The oil situation in this country is lightening up, according to Ida M. Tarbell's "Fight for Independence," the installment of her "History of the Standard Oil Company" that is carried in the June McClure's. In it she has this cheering word:

As it stands today the independent oil men have a good showing for their fight against the Standard. They have fully 500 stockholders, most of them producers. They handle a daily production of 5000 barrels of crude oil, operate 100 miles of crude pipelines and 400 miles of refined, are allied with some fourteen refineries, in some of which all the by-products of oil, as well as naphtha and illuminating oils, are produced; own one tank steamer, the Pennoli, with a capacity of 4000 fifty-gallon barrels, and charter several others; own oil barges on the Rhine, the Elbe and the Baltic; have fully-equipped stations in Europe at Hamburg, Mannheim, Riesa, Stettin and Dusseldorf; in Germany, Rotterdam and Amsterdam, Holland; London and Manchester, England; and in the United States at New York and Philadelphia. With conservative and loyal management, there seems to be no reason that the Pure Oil company should not become a permanent independent factor in the oil business.

It is therefore evident that the Standard Oil monopoly is not so much of a monopoly as it was.

In a recent case in Kansas, a school teacher read the Lord's prayer and a psalm as a morning exercise, for the purpose of quieting the children, and to prepare them for their class work. But it didn't quiet all of them, for one of the pupils rebelled, claiming that he had conscientious scruples against the conducting of such religious exercises. He was expelled from the school, and his parents sued for his reinstatement, but the courts held that the

quieting exercises might go on; but that the boy needn't attend them if he didn't want to. A tactful teacher that, as much so as the Catholic wife of a Jew in New York who got up a "party" for the confirmation and christening of the children of her husband by a former wife. The Kansas courts are notorious for freaky decisions.

## THIS DAY OF MEMORIES.

The weight of the years bears heavier and ever heavier upon the remnant of "The Grand Army." The young men who forty-three years ago began to rally to the standard of their country which was assailed and which needed them, an innumerable host they were then and in the succeeding four years, are now old, those of them who yet live; but by the hundred thousands they fill the graves of this broad land, from sea to sea. One land it is, thanks to their devotion and their courage, and not two, as the South would have had it, or possibly three with the coast States a nation of their own.

With the onrolling years the day of Memorial comes, with seemingly increasing frequency, and every time the sun rises upon it he sees new-made graves by ten thousands, which are added to those of the great warrior host whose graves gave origin to this day's most tender and reverent exercises. Every year the sweep of time takes from their accustomed places other ten thousands of those who on the preceding Decoration day took part in the Memorial of the dead. Yet a few years more, and those who remain to take part today will be with their comrades who have gone before.

Who will then perpetuate the exercises of Decoration day? Will it be a day still kept in memory, to be observed with patriotic exercises, and the strewing of flowers? We believe that it will, and while the occasion will be more and more one in which the graves of all the dead will be strewn with flowers, as even now they are, there will yet in most places be kept alive this especial memorial; and in oration, song, and story the tale will be told of those who willingly gave their lives that the Nation might live, and their example will be cherished and held up as a lofty ideal to all coming generations of Americans.

It is fitting that this should be so, for that example is one that deserves to be cherished as a precious heritage of patriotism and love of humanity. The possible rewards to those men were not many, the most obvious being:

"The great prize of death in battle."  
But they asked no prizes; they sought no honors; they thought not of pensions, which cause so much reproach in these days. They went to the war for the pure love of their country, and to prove that men were fit to govern themselves; that a republic founded and supported by patriotic citizens was strong enough to defend itself from within; as it had shown itself able to do from foes without.

And grandly did they perform the task they thus set for themselves. There was no wavering, no distrust, no faltering among the men at the front. They first enlisted for three months; responding to the President's call; then for three years or during the war; at the expiration of three years they enlisted again by regiments as a mass. They were bound to carry the war through to success, and save the Nation. And they did it, nobly, grandly, unselfishly.

But will patriotism die with the last of the veterans of the War of the Rebellion? By no means. It was a privilege to live in that time, but that was all. The same strong, patriotic qualities displayed by them would be displayed again, at the Nation's need. Even when it is not in fact a need so much as a sentiment, the same spirit that was manifested in the Civil War time blazes forth with the former splendor. In the war with Spain the problem was not to get soldiers enough, but to give an opportunity to as large a portion as could be used, of the young men who wanted to enlist.

And so may it ever be with Americans. Their country's opportunities should be open to them, and their patriotic desires and acts will always support the Republic; this Nation will never lack defenders, nor those who stand ready to carry the starry flag of liberty to the rescue of the oppressed, when their country deems the time ripe to have the glorious work done.

This day, therefore, while a day of memories of mingled glory and sadness, is also a day of triumphant hope. The United States, one and indivisible, the hope of mankind through the ages, the fruition of manhood in its weary progress of evolution and development will ever, in accelerating grandeur, be the home of liberty and power.

The heroic defenders of the ideal which the Republic represents must always be held in honor, in death and in life. Thus the standard of patriotism will always be high uplifted, and the strength of the Republic will be the willingly offered and united strength of the arms and the hearts of all the people within its mighty borders.

## THE GARFF PROPOSITION.

When the city officials visited Alpine Creek the other day, to look into the question whether Garff & Son had sufficient power there to fulfill their obligation to the city in case their offer to furnish light and power is accepted, they found everything as represented. There is plenty of water, capable of generating ample power, and a site ideal for safety and convenience of construction of the necessary works.

The gentlemen who make the proposition to the city to supply it with light on terms as favorable as it now gets, to give better light, and to turn over the plant to the city at the end of ten

years, are understood to have ample financial backing, and to be able to give any reasonable guarantee for the fulfillment in every respect of their offer.

In response to the suggestion that the machinery would be worn out when received by the city, they point to other like machinery that has been in use for years, and that is in every respect as good as new. So that is completely answered.

It looks as though the Council is bound to give this Garff proposal very serious consideration. It is easy to protect the people if every other point is found satisfactory. A few plain agreements in writing will do it.

## THE ASSISTANT CITY PHYSICIAN.

We again suggest to the Council in view of the fact that tonight it will perhaps be called on to vote on the proposition of spending an additional six hundred dollars a year for an assistant to the City Physician, that it would be well to go slow. The complaints and the excuses that have annoyed the people for some time past in connection with the failure and delay in attending emergency calls would by no means be done away with, or even abated, even if the demand were complied with, for the tone of the office is such that this sort of relief would be no help to the public.

The determination not to respond to calls is manifest, and it is as easy for two to refuse as for one. And the excuses for not attending to such calls are so flimsy, in some cases so much of a misfit with the facts, that nothing is to be hoped in the multiplication of officials. It is even a question whether the Council might not do better to abolish the office of Health Commissioner for a time, giving the clerk power to attend to routine business, and calling in the most convenient physician in a case of emergency.

And the taxpayers ought to be considered. The municipal treasury is in no condition to stand drains of an unusual and needless character, the result of which would be of no real public service. Go slow, Messrs. Councilmen, and consider other things than mere importunity for more pay.

## MORE ABOUT UTAH'S IRON.

The coming scarcity of great iron ore deposits for the supply of the enormous demand of this country is causing unusual interest to be taken in the great iron ore deposits of southern Utah. A good many reports have been made on these deposits, by various experts, and in every case they are astonished at the enormous quantity of the ore, and at its average richness in the metal.

The latest of these reports that we have seen is that by Fred Lerch, in the Iron Trade Review, which prints in connection with it a chart of the region, with lines and distances. A general description of the region in which these iron deposits lie is given, with elevation, formation, geologic features, etc., and then comes an account of the size and character of the ore bodies. These are many, and vary in length from less than 100 feet to more than a quarter of a mile, and in width from a few feet to more than 600 feet. "The ore body or vein, with a width of more than 600 feet, the writer believes, is the widest vein of iron ore in the United States."

The writer continues: "With its length of a little more than 1400 feet with a width of at least 600 feet, we have an area of 19.3 acres covered with ore. On the Mountain Lyon group of claims, two lines could be laid at right angles to each other, underlain entirely with ore, as shown by test pits, the one line having a length of 1050 feet and the other 1450 feet. The ore body is crescent shaped. The three largest ore bodies, held by Milner, Dear, and Lerch, cover a little less than 40 acres, and for each foot of depth there would be 140,000 tons of ore, or for 120 feet in depth, this being the deepest test pit, with the bottom still in excellent ore, there are 18,000,000 tons. As this is a well-defined contact vein, with limestone and andesite walls, we have every reason for supposing that it will continue in depth for 1000 feet or more the same as the copper and lead contact veins in that country." An accurate test of the depth is to be made with diamond drills.

Suppose the depth to be 1200 feet, as it most likely is, and probably double that, the quantity of ore in this one claim is 180,000,000 tons of ore. And there are many other claims that may be just as good as this patch of less than 40 acres, which in fact is a mere little fraction of a wide area. It is very likely that the total might fairly be multiplied by a hundred.

There is another thing that will, we believe, eventually prove to be true; that this ore deposit goes to great depths; that the ore will change in character as the lower depths are attained; that silver will come in, and copper, as at Silver Reef, which is, we believe, a mere gash vein from the lower depths of this great iron deposit. If this is true, it would carry the depth of the vein down at least to three thousand feet, and probably four thousand.

The quality of the iron ore, Mr. Lerch says, makes it very desirable; "the largest ore bodies are a soft porous hematite, but free from the fineness that causes the objectionable fine dust characteristic of so many of the Mesabi range mines."

As to the commercial prospects, Mr. Lerch says that it would be necessary to haul the ore either to the Virgin River at St. George, about 40 miles south, or to the Green River, about 575 miles to the northeast. The advantage of the former is the shorter haul and the less distance to the coast; to the latter, good coking coal and limestone

in the immediate vicinity. A third alternative might be the Colorado River, below the canyon, which would be in immediate contact with the business life of the coast; but it would lack coal. We believe, all things considered, that the place for the great iron furnaces for Utah is on the Green River, near the present crossing by the R. G. W.

It is pleasant to see the general recognition of the importance of the Utah iron deposits. That they are probably the largest in this country, and not excelled by any in the world, we believe to be true. And the day when they will supply the material for enormous iron works, very likely in a number of places, is sure to come.

## THE EXILE'S SALUTE ON MEMORIAL DAY.

[For The Salt Lake Tribune.]  
An exile from green Erin's shore  
Stands on the city pave,  
He listens to the cannon's roar,  
And sees "Old Glory" wave.

And then a thrill goes through his frame,  
And tears suffuse his eyes;  
He softly speaks a sacred Name,  
And breathes a gentle sigh.

And as the G. A. R. march past  
The exile bares his head,  
And so he stands until the last  
Goes by with faltering tread.

And then he whispers prayer to Heaven  
For those whose course is run,  
"May perfect peace be given;  
God rest them every one."

"They died to save their country's fame,  
Their well-earned rest is won;  
Grant them Thy peace for Thy great Name,  
Sweet Jesus, Mary's Son!"

Why does that exiled Irishman  
Salute our Freedom's day?  
Why do his searching grey eyes scan  
Our heroes bent and hoary?

Ah! read the answer in his face,  
With gratitude it beams;  
The son of a conquered race,  
Of home he nightly dreams.

But day by day his heart is strong  
As he goes forth to toil;  
For on his lips is Freedom's song,  
He steps on Freedom's soil.

A veteran's daughter is his wife—  
A veteran battle scarred,  
Who has full often risked his life—  
Her son is in the Guard.

And so he cheers the Boys in Blue,  
And prays for those who fell;  
Adopted son, loyal and true,  
He loves Columbia well.

He loves her rugged mountain chains,  
Her forests, lakes and bays,  
He loves her green and fertile plains,  
Her glorious waterways.

He loves her fragrant orange groves,  
He loves her myrtle trees,  
He loves the cool, sequestered coves  
That line her bounding seas.

He loves her busy city street,  
Teeming with myriads of men,  
Where human pulses ever beat  
Amid the feverish strife.

He loves her sunlit, azure skies,  
He loves her springing sod,  
He loves—ah! that's where he is wise—  
He loves both man and God.

And that is why this Irishman,  
Sheltered "neath Freedom's star,  
Will all through life's remaining span  
Salute the G. A. R.

—CHARLES H. STEVENSON.  
Memorial Day, 1904.

## THE INTERMOUNTAIN PRESS.

Cupid must have had a busy season in St. George lately, judging from the number of marriage licenses issued this week. This appears to be an unusually climate for old maids and bachelors. A serious question, though, is where are all the young people going to find homes. We would like to see something transpire that would furnish employment for them among us.—St. George Advocate.

A gentleman up from the South relates this incident: He was lying over at one of the desert stations, and in conversation with a companion he happened to mention God and Jesus. Two little children who were playing near by stopped and looked at him as if they had heard something new. "Did you never hear of God and Jesus?" he inquired of the little ones. The girl shook her head, but the little boy replied: "Fears I have heard of God, but he's dead, ain't he?" The gentleman gathered the children to him and related the story of the Savior and the crucifixion, which seemed to impress them very deeply. Why send missionaries to China?—Milford Times.

Many of the State editors—those who have the price—have gone to the World's fair at St. Louis, notwithstanding Gov. Wells' advice to remain at home for a few weeks yet, because of the incompleteness of the exposition. It is just as well. Had some of the hayseed scribbles of this State deferred their visit until some of the proposed attractions of the Pike are under way, the Sheriff of several of our counties might soon be under the necessity of breaking into the newspaper business.—Castle Dale Progress.

The pasturing of the city park still continues. Some of our citizens express themselves as thoroughly disgusted at the way this park has been going to rack and ruin for more than two years past. The old Council took little interest in it, and it seems that the present Council intends to do no better, and this for the purpose of saving the city \$1 per week. A few say if a change is not had an irrigation meeting should be called to protest against such methods.—Fillmore Progress-Review.

The Pockel convention seems to have been a very satisfactory affair all round. The way the Republicans of Idaho have of pointing the ill of common sense upon the troubled waters of the party organization and applying their own special brand of ointment to the sore places is creating considerable interest among the Democratic doctors.—Payette Independent.

No season in the past ten years has had as favorable an outlook at its beginning as has the present year in this section of the country. Grain, gardens, berries, fruit and hay crops cannot be otherwise than good, as far as can be judged at this time; sheep herds have done well, exceedingly so, and the grower has had a large yield of fine wool from his flocks; markets of all kinds are good now and will continue so, all of these things—and there are others that could be mentioned—justify the expression which is found at the beginning of this article. With these facts in mind, can there be any cause for the universal knocking which this section is getting—giving to itself rather—at the present time? If we fall to see it.—Mt. Pleasant Pyramid.

There is no use trying to deny that Salt Lake City is a modern town. The latest evidence is the fact that it is now agitating for an electrical death chair for dogs, by the means of which worthless and unclaimed canines are to be given a painless voyage to dog heaven. Soon we expect to hear that some kind-hearted citizen has opened a free tonorial parlor for canines in Zion, with Turkish bath in conjunction.—St. George Advocate.

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Curtain rises at 8 o'clock sharp.

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Season of 1904.

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Authors of the Day.

Don't miss these fiction gems. They go with the greatest Sunday newspaper ever published in Utah, and without extra charge. They breathe the fragrance of the field, the forest, the salt breezes of the ocean and supply the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Here is the list:

"PARDNERS," by Ellsworth Kelly, June 5.  
"THE ORPHAN," by Frank T. Bullen, June 12.  
"BIOGRAPHY OF A BEAVER," by W. D. Hulbert, June 19.  
"THE SMUGGLERS," by Albert Sonnichsen, June 26.  
"LOST," by W. H. Boardman, July 3.  
"TWO OF A KIND," by Ellsworth Kelly, July 10.  
"CALL OF CAPTAIN RAMIREZ," by Frank T. Bullen, July 17.  
"KING OF THE TROUT STREAM," by W. D. Hulbert, July 24.  
"THE MUTINY," by Albert Sonnichsen, July 31.  
"THE MINISTER," by W. H. Boardman, August 7.

## JOHN MOUNTEER FOUND \$700

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 16, 1904.

To the Merchant's Protective Association—  
Yours of the 15th inst. to hand and contents noted. In obtaining settlement of this claim for me, you have accomplished what all others have failed to do. This claim was about 12 years old. For four or five years it was in the hands of attorneys for collection, and was returned to me as worthless. It is equal to \$700.00 found, and I desire to commend you for your perseverance and success. Yours truly,  
JOHN MOUNTEER, Grocer, 1026 Second St.

Does any one owe me? Do you want it?  
We will collect it. That's our business.

## Merchants' Protective Association

SCIENTIFIC COLLECTORS OF BAD DEBTS.

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